

# The Tornado is coming

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## Prophetic Narrations

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We are in some sort of underground shelter. There is a pause in the storms and the relatives head out for a break. A tornado appears and begins coming our way. I warn everyone to head back to shelter but its like herding cattle or sheep because everyone is gabbing and taking their time. Meanwhile the tornado gets closer and hits our property and still the relatives are taking their time, pretty much ignoring my warnings. The tornado creeps closer and closer. Each time I see how near it is I urge the family forward but they ignore me totally. Just before I wake the tornado is only feet away and there seems no possible way to save the family and myself.